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VOICES OF PEACE



Vol. VI . . . No. 1
DECEMBER, 1937



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VOICES *of* PEACE

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VOLUME VI

DECEMBER, 1937

NUMBER 1

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C O N T E N T S

	PAGE	
<i>Editorials:</i>		
The Peace Ideal.....	3	
Sand on Your Track.....	4	
Asama.....	5	Ellen Munroe, '38
Scott as a Conversationalist.....	6	Sarah McLean, '38
Autumn Trilogy.....	9	Marion Grey Black, '39
Sketches of the Orient.....	9	Ellen Munroe, '38
By These Signs.....	12	Betsy Graham, '38
The Three-Twenty Mail.....	13	Florence Bostick, '39
Morning Prayer.....	14	Marion Grey Black, '39
In My Memory.....	15	Marion Grey Mitchell, '39
Mariners' Museum.....	15	Betty Thompson, '38
The Present International Situation.....	17	Nancy Porter Brown, '38
<i>Literary Sub-Debs:</i>		
Amy's First Dance.....	19	Betty Lou Fletcher
Storm at Sea.....	19	Frances Moore
Autumn Painting.....	19	Suzanne Hudson
Rain.....	20	Sidney Anne Wilson
<i>Peace Readers' Digest:</i>		
Paul Green Rejects \$100,000 Contract to		
Stay in North Carolina.....	21	Luella Allen, '38
Watching the Fashions Go By.....	22	Keene Wade, '38
Mysterious Crimes Solved by Stamp Detective.....	22	Elizabeth Robertson
Calendar.....	24	
<i>Alumnae Section:</i>		
Dress to Bring Out Your Good Points.....	25	Dr. Jane S. McKimmon
Miss Pugh's Pictorial Map.....	26	Alworthy Upchurch, '38
The Pepperpot.....	29	

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EDITORIALS

THE PEACE IDEAL

[EDITORS' NOTE: We are happy to have for our first issue of the year a message from the President of Peace.]

As I write this, I have on my desk two very interesting publications. One of these is a copy of the 1875 Peace Catalogue, the oldest catalogue we have in our possession. The other is the *Voices of Peace* of December, 1889, the first copy of this publication in the history of the school. Both of these magazines furnish me with much material for thought.

I shall not write regarding the first volume of the *Voices of Peace*, as I understand the present editor of the *Voices of Peace* will probably in the future reprint for us the Salutatory from this first edition.

I am impressed by one thing especially from the old catalogue. That is, how little change has taken place in the basic, fundamental policy of Peace as is shown in a comparative statement of its fundamental policies and ideals expressed in the Catalogue of 1875, and likewise as stated in the Catalogue of 1938. The curriculum, the description of the physical plant, rules and regulations involving health, and social regulations, etc., have changed greatly; but through sixty-five years Peace has emphasized and provided for its students a wholesome Christian atmosphere, intimate home surroundings, a highly trained but understanding faculty who have insisted upon honest academic standards, a coöperative faculty-

student government creating a spirit of individual responsibility and developing a genuine spirit of honor in all social and moral relations.

Many students have attended Peace in these sixty-five years. During these years there has evolved locally and regionally the so-called "Peace Ideal."

Is it not a challenge to all of us who are at Peace today, faculty and students alike, to study and to appreciate those attributes which have made Peace distinctive and which should be perpetuated in the present and future?

May we not consider ourselves a vital part of our College and live intelligent convictions about her field of usefulness?

Martha Bragaw Boggs embodies this sentiment in the words of one of our traditional school songs, written in 1926:

March, onward march,
Be ever true and loyal
To our ideals and that for which Peace stands.
Ever abreast, so swell the column royal;
Daughters of Peace,
The world is in your hands.

WILLIAM C. PRESSLY.

SAND ON YOUR TRACK

Make it your goal "to learn something about everything, and everything about something."

Realize how very fortunate you are in being able to come to school, for the fact that there are thousands of boys and girls who do not have the great opportunity that we have as students of Peace should be a challenge to every one of you.

Concentrate on the fact that your characters are in the making right now and do everything within your power to develop the truly great virtues: Honesty, diligence, and perseverance. So during your years here, gather as much knowledge as you possibly can, for it will all, some day, prove of great value.

In all of your lives there will come a certain crossroad; therefore, learn to deal with your little, everyday problems successfully, and they will prove to be stepping stones in the right direction when you shall have reached your big crossroad.

And always, always keep in mind the sacrifices that your parents are making for you. Work hard for them, and strive to represent your own family in a way that will make them proud of you. Don't disappoint them, ever!

"Never let a difficulty stop you. It may be only sand on your track to keep you from skidding."

ASAMA

Early morning :

Mists rising lazily from the valleys ;
Sunlight turning dewdrops to sparkling jewels
On the young spruce trees ;
And away in the distance blue Asama,
Clothed in a scanty negligee of clouds.

High noon :

Heat waves dancing up from the scoria beds ;
A smothered stillness
As piercing rays of sunlight
Blunder into long-sought shelters,
Daunted only by a proud, unflinching
Outline on the horizon—
A bare, scarred furnace,
Belching voluminous clouds of black smoke.

Late evening :

Sleepy birds twittering good-night ;
Cicadas scratching squeaky wings ;
Green hills at dusk—
Green hills and woods and fields,
Soothing to the eye ;
And towering above,
Gray Asama
Crowned with a crimson sunset.

Night :

A dull, throbbing boom
As of a distant cannon ;
Red flames leaping, racing upwards
Into black, trembling darkness ;
And slowly, steadily, a stream
Of scarlet lava
Creeping down the sky—
Asama . . .

ELLEN MUNROE, '38.

SCOTT AS A CONVERSATIONALIST

The personalities of many writers become obscured in their work, but Sir Walter Scott's is still warm and vital in the affections of his admirers. In 1931 *The London Observer* asked its readers, "Which of the immortals would you choose as companion for half an hour's walk?" In this interesting poll the six leading candidates were Shakespeare, Dr. Johnson, Charles Lamb, Socrates, Sir Walter Scott, and Julius Caesar. To be a good companion for a walk, it is natural to think one would necessarily be a good conversationalist.

To understand fully the value of Sir Walter Scott as a conversationalist, however, it is most important that one see the relationship of his childhood to his development in sociability. When he was but a very small child, he had a severe fever that left him quite lame, and condemned him to spend much time in bed in his early youth. Sometimes he would read aloud to his mother, but more often his mother or his aunt, Miss Janet Scott, would read to him with inexhaustible patience, until he could repeat long passages of his favorite poems by heart.

In Lockhart's *Life of Walter Scott* we read that Scott learned the ballad of Hardyknute when he was very young, and every time the clergyman of the parish visited the house, the enthusiastic boy interrupted the conversation by shouting this ditty. Scott annoyed the minister so much that he is said to have exclaimed, "One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is."

The poetry and history of Scotland fired the boy's imagination, and he spent much of his time in an imaginary world. In spite of his lameness, Scott visited every romantic spot for miles around, poring over ruined castles until he recreated them in his own imagination. It was on trips like these that he collected the songs and legends of the countryside from peasants and learned alike, receiving much of his historical information from oral tradition.

Scott clearly realized that his lameness might prove a most serious social handicap, but even in his school days he was beginning to develop his talents as a story-teller and with this gift, his good nature, and his ready flow of anecdote, he made himself very popular. Scott frankly records that he sought "to supply . . . in address what I wanted in activity"; his tales drew "an admiring audience round Lucky Brown's fireside, and happy was he that could sit next to the inexhaustible narrator."

As Scott grew and developed physically, he also developed and matured as a conversationalist. His varied activities gave him an unlimited range of subject matter. He led, as a recent biographer aptly puts it, "a quadruple life as sheriff and clerk, hospitable laird, poet, novelist, and miscellaneous man of letters, publisher and printer."

Not only was Scott popular with the people of his own class, but, as a contemporary bears witness, "people in every walk of life were eager to

get a word with him." When he was but a child he was taken to the home of his grandparents, who lived in a rural district in the south of Scotland, and it was here that he observed closely the feelings and manners of the lower classes of society until he "learned the password to the confidence of that class."

The same Walter Scott who walked and talked with the lower classes of the agricultural districts was also pleasing as a conversationalist to the ladies of his day. Lockhart gives us a part of a letter written in the very flowery language of that day by a Miss Seward, whom Scott visited at Litchfield, to Mr. Carey, the translator of Dante:

When seriously conversing or earnestly attentive, though his eyes are rather of a lightest grey, deep thought is on their lids; he contracts his brow, and the rays of genius gleam aslant from the orbs beneath them. An upper lip too long prevents his mouth from being decidedly handsome; but the sweetest emanations of temper and heart play about it when he talks cheerfully or smiles—and in company he is much oftener gay than contemplative—his conversation an overflowing fountain of brilliant wit, apposite allusion, and playful archness—while on serious themes it is nervous and eloquent; the accent decidedly Scotch, yet by no means broad, . . . his recitation is too monotonous and violent to do justice either to his own writings or those of others.

Scott's conversation with children is recorded in many anecdotes. On Sundays Scott's family used to take lunch and go off to some wild spot for a picnic. When they had eaten, Scott would improve the occasion by quiet talks and stories. Among his host of acquaintances was a little girl named Marjorie Fleming, who would teach him her nursery rhymes; when he pretended to stumble over them, she would rebuke him with great spirit. Scott said that her repeating of Shakespeare overpowered him as nothing else could.

Not only did Sir Walter Scott have a wide range of interests upon which he drew for topics of conversation; but, as we have seen, he conversed with all types, ages, and classes of people. We have the record of his conversation with Caroline, Princess of Wales, who asked the poet to recite some verses of his own composition. He replied that he had no unpublished verses he thought worthy of her attention; but he gave the princess an account of the *Ettrick Shepherd*, and repeated a selection from the *Mountain Bard*, for which he was gathering subscriptions. She liked the ballad and added her name to his subscription list.

The Princess Charlotte was not Scott's only gleam of royal patronage; he dined more than once with the Prince Regent, who, as his wife relates, "was particularly delighted with the poet's anecdotes of the old Scotch judges and lawyers." Scott's natural and easy play of humor never failed him. As Captain Basil Hale remarks, "Anecdotes came like a stream of poetry from his lips."

Scott's conversations inevitably reflected his deep loyalties. He loved Scotland and her history; his country was the very center of his life's interests. He was a Tory and was loyal to his party, but above all he was loyal to Scotland. It is said that during a short reign of the Whigs, Scott's feelings were kept in a very excited state. Lockhart relates a characteristic incident which occurred one evening as Scott was returning from a political meeting with two Whig friends, who were complimenting him upon his Tory oratory, seeking to treat the subject of the discussion as a matter of jest. As Lockhart writes:

(Scott) exclaimed, "No, no—'tis no laughing matter; little by little, whatever your wishes may be, you will destroy and undermine, until nothing of what makes Scotland Scotland shall remain." And so saying, he turned round to conceal his agitation—but not before Mr. Jeffrey saw tears gushing down his cheek.

Besides loving his country, Sir Walter Scott loved all that was old—old castles, old ballads, old stories, and old sayings. Mr. Ernest Weekly writes: "If Scott had no other title to our gratitude, he would deserve it for the number of Shakespearean words and phrases he revived." The same critic holds that "next to Shakespeare, whose influence on English is a phenomenon unique in the history of our language, Scott has been our greatest verbal benefactor."

An example of one word that Scott revived is *stalwart*. It had not been used since about 1600. Before that time it had been used in the sense of *steadfast* or *unbreakable*; but it had been applied to things as well as to people. Mr. Weekly tells us that Scott "either found it in the old romantic literature in which he delighted or picked it up orally as a dialect survival."

Scott's love for his country, his love of her history, and his love for the past are not, however, the highest characteristics reflected. Scott was a good man and chivalry in the highest sense was one of the guiding principles of his life. Washington Irving has left a charming description of his visit to Abbotsford in 1817, and in particular of his walks with the "Shirra"; the great American felt as if he had been "admitted to a social communion with Shakespeare, for it was with one of a kindred, if not equal genius." One of the most impressive things Irving said about the visit with Scott was, "I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation any more than there is throughout his works."

A study of Scott as a conversationalist may fittingly close with his own last words, as they afford such a just reflection of his character. Lockhart reports that as the poet lay dying, he called him to his bed and said: "My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to be here."

SARAH MCLEAN, '38.

AUTUMN TRILOGY**SCARLET MAPLE**

Maples aflame—with pride, not shame—
They blush so red—behold!

It was a slender thing, the single, scarlet maple growing beside the lonely country road. Other trees grew there, too; but none of them had the flaunting, haunting beauty of that small herald of autumn. Proudly it stood, swaying gracefully in the breeze. Ruffly leaves curled to form an utterly charming cocktail dress, scarlet for the most part, with bits of lemon showing here and there, and flecked with infinitesimal scraps of green—loath to admit that summer had really departed—and a wee touch of brown—advance herald of approaching winter.

The breeze in passing ruffled the perfection of the dress for a moment, and a crimson leaf floated slowly earthward. Then the sun beat down with redoubled fervor, and the slim sapling drew itself up in renewed dignity and seemed to exclaim, "Look! If you wish to see true beauty, look at me!"

MAPLE IN ROSE

I chanced to see the maple at the height of its autumn glory—a glory almost breath-taking in its exquisite coloring. The background of green was overlaid with bronze and brushed with rose, like the delicate blush of an old-fashioned maid. Mounted on a slender trunk, the tree seemed almost topheavy—a tiny queen with a crown far too large, a magnificent crown, a temporary splendor, which she wore with an indescribable air of satisfaction and elegance.

WALNUT TREE

The scrawny walnut tree stood shivering in the breeze, looking quite as though it regretted turning nudist while its neighbors were still flaming in a last blaze of beauty. A few scattered brown leaves clung tenaciously to twigs far in the air, loath to turn loose and slide down the little breeze, to be promptly swept up by a ruthless janitor. One lonesome walnut hung near the top, like a grotesque caricature of a tarnished Christmas ball still clinging to last year's discarded tree.

MARION GREY BLACK, '39.

SKETCHES OF THE ORIENT

Those days in faraway Japan are gone now, except for never-to-be-forgotten memories—memories of my childhood in the Mission yard; of a land of extremes—of primitive life, stark, ugly, and repulsive, and of civilization rearing its scaffold of wealth and culture. There are memories of pastel skies, of tiny green islands dropped into the blue of an

inland sea; of narrow yellow beaches and quaint old junks; of gnarled and twisted pines, and a grove of bamboo trees, tall and silver in the moonlight. There are memories of thatched cottages huddled on the hillside; of green rice fields, making patterns in the valleys; of gorgeously dressed dancing girls, serving tea under a canopy of pink cherry trees. There are memories of poor, dirty fishwives with snaggled teeth and straggling hair, peddling their smelly wares from door to door; of children with sore eyes and running noses; of farmers knee-deep in the black slime of patty fields, stooping from dawn to dusk as they plant the young rice shoots. How incessantly they come crowding—relics of poignant, fascinating years, in a country mysterious and aloof, poverty-stricken and yet beautiful!

Mingled with these vivid images are memories of odd customs and amusing incidents; sad or comical, beautiful or ugly, life in the Orient never lacks interest.

THE TERRORS OF A KOREAN HEADCUTTER

The time had come in my affairs when I found it necessary to part with a portion of my shaggy mane. For this reason I set out, one frosty morning in Pyeng Yang, in search of a barber. This was to be my first haircut from a native Korean, and it was with a queer feeling in my stomach that I entered the one-story shop denoted as that of "Bo Rim the Barr Berr," who advertised "ten sen for your head cut off."

I found myself in a long, narrow room filled with a business-like bustle. I sat down to wait for my turn, with misgivings that steadily grew greater.

Along one side of the shop was a wide, broken mirror before which stood a row of chairs, all occupied. At a huge cement tub at one end of the room a half-drowned man was suffering from a shampoo. His hair and eyes were filled with soap, and then he was ducked as hard and fast as the hair-washer could push the bristly head down. The poor fellow, gasping for breath, finally hung limply over the edge of the tub, where he was left to recuperate. I sighed with relief when that ordeal was over and, thankful that I had washed my own hair, I turned to the row of chairs.

In the first a man reclined with his head and face wrapped in a steaming gray towel. In the next chair a small gentleman, whose face was thickly smeared with lather, eyed an enormous razor, closely resembling a butcher knife, which an industrious barber brandished over him. I laughed at the beaming chap whose closely cropped black head was being dusted with white powder from a big red puff, while a barber shook up a bottle of pink lotion to be applied to his countenance. The last man in the row was calmly picking his teeth, while his ears were being cleaned with little mops. Finally I noticed a timid-looking boy, whose customer had just left, beckoning to me.

Gingerly I seated myself on the edge of a chair and, with the few words of Korean I had learned, tried to explain what I wished done. I found out later that I was the boy's first woman customer, not to mention being a foreigner, and that the poor chap was panic-stricken. He held up various bottles of lotion, boxes of powder, and other beautifiers, at which I shook my head, making scissor-like motions with my hands. At last he understood—a haircut. He pinned a dirty cloth around my neck and, with a flourish of comb and scissors, began. I stopped the whackings at intervals to view the operation. Every chop he gave made matters worse. Finally all of the barbers and their customers gathered around to offer suggestions. This only added to the confusion until, no longer able to make myself heard, I became a passive victim of circumstances.

Looking like Cadet Roussell and much abashed, I finally emerged from Bo Rim's barbarous shop. Even now I can see the horrified looks of amazement on the faces of my friends when I took off my hat.

"Ellen, your head is shaved half-way up the back."

"OJISAN"

Silhouetted against the vesper sky, a tiny fishing boat rocks gently with the ebb and flow of the tide, anchored to the stone pier by a ragged straw rope.

Painted pink clouds doze in the blue expanse of heaven. Along the gray horizon the sails of homing junks turn all the colors of the rainbow as they reflect the glory of the sun dropping slowly behind a rocky island peak. They remind me of a flock of fairy birds skimming over the water.

My gaze shifts again to the picture in the foreground. In the center of the boat an emaciated, stooped old man huddles motionless before a few red charcoals. Bald and dried by the weather, he seems to rattle in his loose, worn kimono. In one hand he holds a small bowl of cold rice and pickles; in the other he balances a pair of chopsticks as, food forgotten, he studies the western sky.

"Ojisan"—how well I know that silent figure—aloof, alone—plodding along the streets of the little Japanese village, picking up orange peels to be dried and sold; or more often grinning his snaggle-toothed welcome up at me from his small fishing-boat. His life centers in that boat; it serves as his home, day and night, summer and winter, unless he is forced by the weather to seek shelter on land in some old piano box or in a deserted shack.

"What are you thinking, Grandfather? Are you remembering the sunny hours of your childhood, the many mysteries of your youth, or the long, lonely evenings you've sat dreaming thus? Is it the work to be done tomorrow you are brooding over, or are you wondering what is out

beyond that paling sunset, or what is beyond your own less beautiful twilight?"

A breeze is kissing the gold-tipped waves. I strain my eyes for a last glimpse of the red charcoals, as the old man and the sea and the sky fade into one. Then night falls like a great velvet curtain across the heavens.

ELLEN MUNROE, '38.

BY THESE SIGNS

By these signs shall I know him.

He loves, as I do,
The brilliance of autumn's chameleon woods,
The ecstasy of a falling star,
And wonders why and where.

He finds beauty in little things—
The flight of a bird,
A child's smile,
The murmur of a nervous breeze among pines.

He loves, as I do,
To feel the fingertip touches
Of a gentle rain;
He loves the mysterious, intangible depths
Of a moonless, starless night.

He loves, as I do,
The unceasing crash of untamed waters,
The startling glimpse
Of eerily gleaming phosphorus
Upon the ebony sea.

By these signs shall I know him;
For somewhere
I know there is some one
Who loves these things
As I love them.

BETSY GRAHAM, '38.

THE THREE-TWENTY MAIL

It was mid-afternoon and Candon, a small seacoast town, was fairly scorching under the August sun. The two windows and the single door of the post office were thrown open wide to catch any breeze that might be stirring. The small structure faced the main street, wedged between the jail and the general store. Across the way stood a gas station and the Baptist Church.

Heat rose in shimmering waves from the surface of the cobblestone street; a half-starved dog and a sleeping tramp rested in the shade of a large tree in the churchyard. The village seemed asleep, except for an occasional muffled noise sounding from the interior of the post office. It was after three—only a few minutes until the three-twenty mail would be due. Already several hot and dusty pickaninnies were ambling toward the post office, there to loiter, hoping to beg or earn a few pennies when the crowd had gathered.

Three-seventeen, and a shrill whistle sounded not far away, followed by the dull roar of a train. Emery Crook, the postmaster, heard, and hustled to the doorway; Pop Jones, the oldest citizen of Candon, heard, and hobbled down to his front gate and down the street; Aunt Sadie, whose sister was ill in a distant hospital, heard, and ran toward the post office, wiping her hands on her apron; many others heard, and moved toward the common goal. Tom Mackee, whose sweetheart was away for the summer and who had not answered his last letter, was there, as a matter of course. His hair had not been combed since he had hastily risen from his afternoon rest, and when he arrived he was still adjusting his tie.

There was an air of tense expectancy among the gathering crowd, as the mail bag was brought in and Emery Crook began sorting its contents. A low, disconnected hum of voices sounded throughout the group, with a burst of laughter now and then. While the poorer class clustered humbly about the general delivery window, the proud possessors of boxes conversed lightly and listened to the slapping of letters in the narrow pigeonholes. Tom Mackee was among the plutocrats. He laughed and talked—though a trifle nervously—with his neighbors; but his anxious eyes often scanned the contents of his box.

The last letter was finally put in place, and Mr. Crook announced that everyone could get his mail. A line immediately formed before the general delivery window, while nearby several nonchalant farmers struggled awkwardly with the combinations of their boxes. Aunt Sadie cried with joy as she read a letter from her sister, saying that she would be home in a few days. Pop rejoiced with her, and sighed softly as he remembered the time when his daughter almost died of "flu," while on a vacation tour in the East.

Old Zeke Howard had long watched for a letter from a very dear friend whom he had met at the State Fair five years before. He had

waited patiently, and today he was rewarded. With trembling fingers he placed his tiny spectacles on his nose, opened the letter, and read:

Do not wait until fall to arrange for your harvest activities. Plan now! Buy your implements at

BLAKELY AND COMPANY,

331 S. Palm Street

Mayville, S. C.

It was only an advertisement, but it was that seldom-received treasure-mail. Zeke forgot the long-awaited letter momentarily, and hurried out to seek his wife and share this news with her.

Emery Crook stood behind the parcel post window and eyed Tom Mackee with a puzzled frown. Tom was leaning against the door with his eyes on the ground. He had been standing thus for almost fifteen minutes. Everyone else had left the post office, carrying either good or bad news; but Tom seemed to have neither. Truly, he had two letters; but they were for other members of his family.

"Can I do anything for ya', son?" Emery inquired politely.

Tom shook himself and stumbled slowly down the two steps to the street. He mumbled something about being sorry . . . must go home . . . Dad would want the mail . . . and plodded homeward. Mr. Crook shrugged and grinned knowingly.

FLORENCE BOSTICK, '39.

MORNING PRAYER

I messed up yesterday a bit—

I'm awf'ly sorry, God!

I don't know why I went astray

From paths I should have trod.

It was Satan, I suppose,

Who tugged so at my sleeve;

I didn't mean to listen, though—

Oh, please, dear God, believe!

And now You've given me today,

To do with as I will—

It's perfect now; O help me, God,

To keep it perfect still;

So that when dusk wraps up the earth,

Then I may hear You say,

In whisper soft, unto my heart,

"Well done, a perfect day!"

MARION GREY BLACK, '39.

IN MY MEMORY

There will always be, tucked away in the corner of my memory, a little room.

Standing in the doorway, as I so often do, I see a maelstrom of blue and cream—toy animals, puppet clowns, and miniature furniture swirling madly into view and then dissolving into an indistinguishable blur of color. The longer I gaze the slower the objects swirl and the better I can distinguish them. Now I can see a cream-colored bed on the edge of the maelstrom being tossed toward the vortex. Dogs, bears, lions, lion-trainers, and clowns run over it in gay profusion, with an occasional one tumbling out only to catch on the drawer of the little blue and cream dresser or on the small lamp trailing behind. Big dolls, little dolls, fair dolls, and dark dolls, are all clinging merrily to a doll carriage which has been transformed temporarily into a roll-a-coaster. Behind them come tumbling little chairs, a low cedar chest, a doll trunk, a cowboy suit, riding pants, bow and arrows, and all sorts of bric-a-brac.

Serving as the solemn axis of this jamboree is a colored mammy nodding peacefully in her straight-backed chair with her head bowed. As the objects gradually stop swirling about and find their proper places, I can see Mammy sitting beside the little bed, a long white apron and a red sweater-jacket covering her large figure. The round, placid face and folded work-worn hands tell a story of loyalty and patient acceptance of life.

Buried in the pillows of the bed is a small child, asleep. This little girl with dark curls seems a part of the room, while I—I just don't belong. I am an intruder, who has to turn away and quietly close the door.

MARION GREY MITCHELL, '39.

MARINERS' MUSEUM

One of the most interesting sights of the Virginia Peninsula is the Mariners' Museum about six miles outside of Newport News. This museum is, for the most part, under the supervision of the Newport News Shipyard. It was established about eight years ago by Archer Milton Huntington, a high shipyard official, who left his whole fortune of several millions to be used for this purpose. There are about nine hundred acres in the park; part of this forms a wild game sanctuary, and all of it a bird sanctuary. Practically the whole reservation is forested; it is kept free of undergrowth and has many bridle and pedestrian trails. It takes about three hours to go through the park on horseback.

The Museum Building is a long, low stucco structure. Over the entrance to the left wing, which has just lately been constructed, is an elaborately carved battleship. During visiting hours the outside doors

into the vestibule are always open, but the two doors by which you enter and leave the main body of the building are closed. As you approach either door, your reflection is thrown into a little glass at your right, causing the door to swing open automatically.

Once inside, one is extremely impressed with the multitude of boats. They are all models except one large Portuguese fishing boat that stands in the center of the left wing. This is so large that when the left wing was built it was necessary to construct it around the boat. There are many types of models, and the officials plan to have a model of every boat ever built in the Newport News Shipyard.

The models are built with the greatest care given to minute details. Take, for instance, the model of the *Presidents Hoover and Coolidge*. The two are sister ships and just alike; so only one model was made, having *President Hoover* on one side of the bow and *President Coolidge* on the other. This model, like all the others, is built exactly to scale, and is about four feet long. The deck is made of tiny planks about one-sixteenth of an inch in width. There is the same number of planks in the deck of the model as in the real ship. The miniature swimming pool has real tiles and sand. The cross sections in the rail of the model number just the same as in the real ship. Not all the models have complete engine equipment, but this particular one has. It has been tested in the building especially built for that purpose, and it runs just as well as the real ship.

Among the other interesting models in the left wing are those of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, both constructed exactly to scale. In the model of the *Merrimac* the number of rivets is just the same as in the real vessel.

In the right wing are more models, the most interesting being that of the *Thomas W. Lawson*, the only seven-masted schooner ever built, and a model of a Chinese junk. There are also models of South Sea Island canoes, very beautifully carved.

In the center of this room is a large, well-equipped whaling boat, containing such things as harpoons, big coils of rope, and tubs. Around the walls are liquor chests that belonged to sea captains of old; figure-heads taken from old ships; obsolete ship arms; and fine carvings and drawings done on ivory and shells by sailors during tiresome hours at sea. In another room just off the right wing is a large library of nearly twenty thousand books, all of which are on nautical subjects.

No matter how many times one may visit the Mariners' Museum, there always seems to be something new to enjoy. Surely all who are interested in the sea and ships would find great pleasure in visiting it.

BETTY THOMPSON, '38.

THE PRESENT INTERNATIONAL SITUATION

War! War! War! "Japan's Armies Advance on Chinese Cities," "Chinese Rushing Fresh Regiments to Nanking Area," "Japanese Continue Victorious Attack on Northern China"—of such a nature are the radio news flashes and the headlines in our daily newspapers. Little is heard of the struggle in Spain, but ruthless warfare goes on there. The British-Palestine coercion has reached a crucial point. Is it war or peace for the world? Every day this question is answered in one way or another by people who seemingly consider themselves "Gods of the future." No one can truly predict the outcome of the situation existing in the world today. Are we as Peace College students interested in and alarmed over the history that is being made in our own day, or do things in last century's history arouse more lively discussions? Surely, we must not consider these conflicts on other continents as unrelated to us; they are having a very definite effect upon our present economic, political, yes, even our religious life. These are world problems.

There are, at present, three important nations engaged in establishing greater empires. They are Japan, Italy, and Germany. Japan and Italy, highly militarized and growing more so every day, have already broken treaties and have resorted to blows in trying to achieve their ends. Germany is armed to the teeth, but her convictions on the Eastern question are still a mystery to most of the world; however, we feel that she sides with Japan. In Germany, itself, there exists a tense situation. If the match were set to this fuse, what would be the outcome? Here we have a problem!

Only nineteen years ago, our shell-shocked, war-scarred soldiers returned home joyful that they had been victorious in a "war to make the world safe for democracy." Had they achieved that end? We answer emphatically, "No!" Today, we talk about fighting another war to assure the world of peace, but should we gain peace? As best we can predict, the result would be only more death, insanity, and heartaches. War is a contagious disease. Just as measles and whooping cough have their seasons of threatening different sections, so wars seem to have their periods of sweeping the world. We must find a cure for this ruthless, deadly plague. Anyone who introduces a concoction for immunizing our country against this disease will be hailed as an international benefactor. We are sure the medicine will not come in bottles to be taken every few hours. But what will the remedy be? No one yet knows.

It is important that every American should form an opinion on this problem of today. Let us as Peace girls stop and consider this world problem before forming our opinions. We are among the future voters of this country, and as young citizens, we should be making our own decisions on the issues of present-day interest. What do we as students of Peace College know about President Roosevelt's proposal for coöpera-

tion with other nations in an attempt to insure the peace of the world? What do we know of the Nine Power Council which opened its session in Brussels to survey Japan's violation of her treaties in invading China and to decide on some actions toward these violations? Do we know anything of the action of the United States in this conference group? What do we know of the strict policy of neutrality and isolation for the United States proposed by many leaders in our country? It is our duty and privilege to keep ourselves well informed on the happenings of the world. Let us not neglect our opportunities!

NANCY PORTER BROWN, '38.

LITERARY SUB-DEBS

AMY'S FIRST DANCE

She was dressed, oh, so gayly,
 In her new silken gown.
Her curls were arrayed
 In a soft golden crown.

Her eyes were so blue,
 And her smile so demure;
So hopeful was she
 Of her charm and allure.

As she stood there expectant,
 One knew at a glance
That this was the night
 Of Amy's first dance.

BETTY LOU FLETCHER, 11TH GRADE.

STORM AT SEA

The wind roared and shrieked around my ears, lashing the heaving sea into a furious tumult. Drawn irresistibly to the very top of a huge dune, I flung out my arms, ecstatic; yet half cowering before the wild, awe-inspiring day. The gray sky, the angry, ruthless water, the stretch of dun-colored sand, the spiteful, taunting wind, and the towering dunes behind me filled me with an unnameable dread. I looked again at the grayish-green sea, capped with white, and the mountainous breakers, rolling in to collapse, pounding, on the shore, flinging their salty spray high into the air; and I shuddered. A sense of utter helplessness at the vast power of the elements overcame me. Far out from the shore I could discern the yellow blink of the lighthouse, but this failed to comfort me. I felt as though I were doomed to eternal isolation.

FRANCES MOORE, 11TH GRADE.

AUTUMN PAINTING

Looking out of my window one autumn afternoon, I saw a scene as beautiful as some famous old painting. A small white house, emerging from a group of brightly tinted trees, was sharply outlined against a dark gray sky. The clouds hung low over the little house. They appeared to be moving in uniform columns like well-trained soldiers.

The trees, with their bright red and yellow dresses, tossed and swayed in the wind. The falling leaves swirled and whirled around and around, up and down. They seemed now to be chasing each other, now to be chased by the wind. One lone leaf whirled a little higher than its comrades, and, deserted by the rougher winds, was carried on gently by a soft breeze that seemed unwilling to let it fall. Peeping in and out among the colorful branches, like Quakers among a band of gypsies, could be seen a few small and obscure pine trees.

Gradually the light faded. Night had come to blot out, for a time, this painting by the greatest of all artists.

SUZANNE HUDSON, 11TH GRADE.

RAIN

The rain is coming down in sheets,
On the housetops loud it beats;
All through this dreary, empty day
It sounds like drums tin soldiers play.

SIDNEY ANNE WILSON, 10TH GRADE.

PEACE READERS' DIGEST

"PAUL GREEN REJECTS \$100,000 CONTRACT TO STAY IN NORTH CAROLINA"

[Condensed from the *News and Observer* of November 7]

Paul Green, Carolina's distinguished playwright, was born on a farm in Harnett County. From an early age he has been used to hard work. Now, after becoming tired with his work, he gets rested by walking or working on his farm.

After the war he and Elizabeth Lay were students together at the University of North Carolina. They often dreamed together of the house they hoped to have on a hill about a mile outside of Chapel Hill. After their marriage, they realized their dream and bought the farm and the house which has been their home ever since. They have four children who so love and respect their father that they coöperate with him by not disturbing him at work. He takes up much time with them and often has a heart-to-heart talk with his oldest son, Paulie, so called to distinguish him from his father. It is said that there are three flights of stairs in the home. The children are allowed to use two of these when they choose, but the third is used only by their father. When he comes down his stairs, it is the dramatist descending; but when he uses the other two, it is the husband and father descending, ready to have fun with the children.

He composes about two plays a year. The actual writing of the play takes little time; very seldom more than a month. The reading and research necessary take up most of his time. Mrs. Green often types his manuscripts for him. They have many visitors, but Mrs. Green entertains them. Very few see Mr. Green, who stays upstairs in his far corner room where nobody disturbs him.

Last May, Mr. Green wrote the pageant, "The Lost Colony," which he presented to Sam Selden for production on Roanoke Island. This pageant, a symphonic drama, was given in Manteo this summer as a part of the summer-long celebration of the 350th anniversary of the birth of Virginia Dare. It is the story of the mystery of the colony settled in 1587 by a band of colonists sent by Sir Walter Raleigh. John White came to Roanoke Island three years later and could find no trace whatever of the colony. It tells of these expeditions, bringing in the story of the birth of Virginia Dare, the first baby born of English parents in the New World.

This production, however, did not bring him any money nor did it bring the producers any. The little money left after covering the cost of production will be used in the production next summer. Paul Green has laid the foundation of a People's Theater in America.

Probably one of the greatest decisions Paul Green ever made was when he decided to return an unsigned contract to Samuel Goldwyn.

Under this contract he was to receive \$100,000. That amount of money would have meant much to the Greens—security in their old age and additional luxuries now, but the sacrifice would have been too great. It would have driven him from the State he loved; from the county he loved; and from the home he loved. He has, however, never regretted the decision he made.

Every Sunday night Paul Green holds a meeting in his home for advanced students in the University. In order to come each person must write a play to present to the group. These plays are discussed at these meetings. Mr. Green leads the discussion but does not dominate it.

He is a man of endless energy. He gives himself to his family, to students, or to anyone who has need of him. North Carolina is truly fortunate that he did not leave his native State for \$100,000 a year.

LUELLA ALLEN, '38.

WATCHING THE FASHIONS GO BY

[Jottings from *Harper's Bazaar* for November]

The scene is set for the new fall and winter wardrobe. Dresses of bright hue swing down the avenue like multi-colored fall leaves.

Spruce blue, pumpkin, soft aquamarine, and plaids are the favorite colors; punctuated by brown and black accessories. Royal blue and rust are as good this year as last.

Fur coats are enlivened with bright accessories, some of them striped, for the gayer the smarter.

Evening attire is made exciting by plumes worn in the hair and swirling veils dotted with tiny sequins, beads, and so on.

The new barbarian trend in fashion is highly accentuated by jewelry worn in gypsy style—scores of bracelets and necklaces.

Flower basket hats have taken the country, for they are flattering and add a note of smartness to one's outfit.

Quality, not quantity, is what counts. No one cares nowadays how much she is seen in the same clothes as long as the clothes are smart and attractive.

KEENE WADE, '38.

MYSTERIOUS CRIMES SOLVED BY STAMP DETECTIVE

[Jottings from *Popular Science* for December]

It appears that the hobby of stamp collecting may prove to be a valuable aid in solving crime mysteries. If it does, it will come about as a result of the initiative of an assistant to a newspaper columnist who started investigations because of the joking words: "You're a stamp collector; tell me where that stamp came from."

Frank Del Witt, after opening a stamp store in Yonkers, New York, began an earnest study of the variations in stamps. He found differences in them such as ridges of gum on the backs, feathery edges along the perforations, watermarks, and varying shades of color. He began sending himself letters with stamps purchased from many different vending machines, and attempted to tell from which machine each came. This he was able to accomplish by noticing little marks or impressions, sometimes microscopic, made by the machines. His explanation of this was that no two machines are exactly alike; each has little peculiarities.

Del Witt first reaped results from his researches when a hit-and-run driver in Westchester County killed an unidentified pedestrian who had in his pockets only some coins, a penknife, and stamps. Police carried these stamps to Del Witt, who studied them carefully and compared them with others in his possession. At last, he concluded that they came from either of two certain districts. After investigations by the police in these districts, the dead man was identified.

He also located a tenant who had moved from an apartment owing a good deal of rent. By similar procedure, Del Witt was able to ward off a murder by locating for the police a woman who was threatening to take another's life.

It is Del Witt's firm belief that, eventually, the police department of every large city will keep a file of stamps to aid in tracing mysterious crimes.

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON, '38.

CALENDAR

September 15	Arrival Day
September 16	Formal Opening of Session
September 16	Peace Student Christian Association Party
September 17	Athletic Association Party
September 18	Faculty Concert
September 18	Faculty-Student Reception
September 19	P. S. C. A. Candle-Light Service
October 7	Pi Rush Party
October 9	Sig Rush Party
October 12	Pledge Day
October 23	Pi and Sig Banquets
October 27	Dramatic Club Skits
October 30	Hallowe'en Party, given by Athletic Association
November 8	Civic Music Association Concert in Memorial Auditorium : Suzanne Fisher
November 11	The Presslys' Oyster Roast
November 12	The "Model Legislature," in Legislative Chamber
November 15	Violin Concert, by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Alden
November 18	Intra-mural Hockey Game (won by Seniors)
November 18	Avon Players' Production of <i>Hamlet</i> , at Meredith College
November 19	Faculty Tea
November 19	Miss Mabel Pugh's Art Exhibit
November 20	First Formal Meeting of Pi's and Sigs
November 20	Dramatic Club Plays: <i>Sacrifice in Brocade</i> and <i>It's Easy to Write a Play</i>
November 21	Talk by Rev. M. O. Sommers at P. S. C. A.
November 22	Junior Commercial-Prep. Hockey Game (won by Juniors)
November 25	Thanksgiving Dinner
November 30—December 4	First Term Examinations
December 6	Beginning of Second Term
December 6	Voice Recital by Miss Helen Board
December 12	P. S. C. A. Nativity Pageant
December 13	Civic Music Association Concert: Smeterlin
December 17	Christmas Carol Service
December 17	Christmas Dinner
December 17	Beginning of Christmas Holidays

ALUMNÆ SECTION

DRESS TO BRING OUT YOUR GOOD POINTS

[EDITORS' NOTE: Dr. Jane S. McKimmon, formerly Assistant Director of the Extension Work, State College, and one of the most distinguished alumnae of Peace, has kindly contributed this article to our magazine.]

The well-dressed woman knows herself and her possibilities. She knows her good points and her bad ones, and she has learned to cover up her defects and to bring out her good points.

She looks well to her lines if she is to make the most of every inch of her height and to minimize her too generous flesh. Long vertical lines work wonders for her if she is frankly fat, and the flares, horizontal lines and soft cascades of the well-designed frocks of the day soften her angles if she is over-slim. Lines are absolutely fundamental, and when a woman has found those that make the most of what she has and happily distract the attention from what she has not, she has made a big step forward in being well dressed.

There was a time when women cut their figures in half with a white shirtwaist and a dark skirt, but that day has mercifully passed and with it many seemingly fat women, who have found themselves transformed by the coat suit or one-piece dress of a wise design of fashion into younger and better-looking people.

The well-dressed woman finds her keynote in simplicity, and from head to feet she is one harmonious whole. Dress, shoes, hat—all are parts of the picture she presents, but each makes its contribution in relation to the other, and we experience no shock as we dwell upon the pleasant effect. You have seen women who visit the millinery shop, select a hat because it is modish or because it is becoming, and give no thought to the dress with which it is to be worn. And you have seen that really beautiful hat become the one discordant note in a costume otherwise pleasing because it was a misfit in color or design. Fashion is not always synonymous with good taste, and what may be modish in color or line may be wholly inappropriate for the purpose it is to serve or the picture it is to complete.

A woman may not hope to be well dressed without careful planning beforehand, and that means the consideration of her wardrobe as a whole.

I saw a young business woman walking ahead of me on her way to work a day or so ago, and it was a joy to observe her absolute fitness in line, color, and the suitability of the dress for the work I knew she was on her way to perform. She wore a natural or beige dress with brown shoes, sunburn hose, and a close-fitting brown hat with a light brown band. Everything was simple, but the costume was appropriate for business, and was becoming to its brown-haired, brown-eyed wearer. It

was also chic enough to look well in the afternoon when its owner mingled with the crowd of well-dressed women filling the streets of the town.

With such foundations for a toilet as her brown shoes, hose, and hat, this business woman could add to her wardrobe other dresses which would be harmonious. An afternoon dress of rose-beige or green would harmonize, and she could feel that she was well turned out.

If one would operate to the best advantage on a small clothing budget, the dresses of a season must not depart widely in color from each other. They must be chosen to harmonize with the shoes, hose, and hats that have been selected for the best or most-used costumes, and if this plan is adhered to the clothing bill can be materially cut.

A good plan in dressing is to wear nothing that will attract more attention than you yourself. It is better to have the public say, "What a good-looking woman," rather than "What a good-looking dress."

There should be no startling colors or riotous designs. Dr. Alvah Parsons says, "Use color artistically. If a man should come into your presence wearing a red vest you would exclaim, 'What a riot!' If he should appear with a red necktie you would say, 'Gay old boy!' But if he should come with only the tip of a red handkerchief protruding from his breast pocket you would pronounce him 'Quite a dressy fellow.'" Now we wish to be only dressy fellows and not riots or gay old boys in the use of color.

I know a woman who is sweet, pretty, and very feminine in her appearance when she is properly dressed, but I saw all her good looks wiped out on one occasion because she allowed herself to wear a dress that spoke more loudly than she. The costume was a steel-blue evening gown, covered with blue spangles, and the gray hair, light blue eyes, and pale complexion of the wearer could not compete with the brilliance of the spangles or the sheen of the satin. It was a handsome dress, but the woman who wore it had disappeared. Her personality and coloring called for soft material and softer colors, and she made the mistake of wearing the things which she considered beautiful rather than the things that made *her* beautiful.

There are many things to be considered in good dressing. Income, type, personality, purpose, size, good grooming, how to wear, etc., are all important. The thought today is *know yourself*, your good points and your bad, and lay your plans accordingly.

MISS PUGH'S PICTORIAL MAP

Miss Mabel Pugh has designed a pictorial map for the Garden Club of North Carolina, which is now being distributed by the club. It is a delightful and authoritative guide for those who seek a wider acquaintance with the historic and picturesque aspects of our State.

Each section of the State is represented by its characteristic flowers and shrubs and by numerous landmarks. The important mountain peaks are shown, such as Grandfather's Mountain, Chimney Rock, and Blowing Rock. Places of historic interest, noted buildings, parks, and gardens are indicated, including the Church of St. Thomas at Bath, which was built in 1734; the Seminole Indian settlement at Pembroke; the homes of such famous statesmen as Andrew Jackson, Andrew Johnson, and James K. Polk; and the famous Orton plantation at Wilmington. Durham is represented by the Duke Chapel and Raleigh by the Capitol. As Winston-Salem is noted for its Moravian Easter services, that city is represented by Easter lilies. The flight of the Wright Brothers is marked by an airplane over Kill Devil Hill, while a full-rigged ship reminds one of the tragedy of Theodosia Burr.

Perfect balance and color are found in this map. The dominant colors are light yellow and blue, shrubs and flowers being shown in their natural tints. The legend of the border is especially interesting. Many birds are shown, including the bluebird, cardinal, oriole, and wren, and such characteristic flowers as the yellow jessamine, the rhododendron, azalea, dogwood, Venus fly-trap, and moss pink.

This chart, offered to "those seeking the beauty of North Carolina," is a truly inspiring guide. Enthusiastic interest has been shown by those who have seen the original or the fine copies of this map, by which Miss Pugh has again proved herself an artist of notable value to our college and our State. That her name appears in *Who's Who in American Art* indicates, indeed, that her reputation has traveled well beyond the borders of her native North Carolina.

ALWORTHY UPCHURCH, '38.

ALUMNÆ ITEMS

Six graduates of the class of '37 are at Meredith College this year: Louise Bashford, Miriam Doub, Helen Eighme, Doris Parker, Elizabeth Richardson, and Mary Helen Watkins.

Elizabeth Crosby, Ann Dees, Jane Highsmith, Lillian Lee, and Elizabeth Smith are at W. C. U. N. C., and Nancy Lyon is at the University in Chapel Hill.

Lula Davis, Alice Harrison, Mary Council Horne, and Betty McArthur are at E. C. T. C.

Four members of the class of '37 are Duke students: Jeannette Bagwell, Ann Marie Jefferson, Nancy Jones, and Mary Leona Ruffin.

Mary Carlton, Josephine Rand, and Mary Gwyn Williams are at Salem College.

Eleanor Herring and Clara Moss are at Greensboro College.

Dorothy Thurman and Eleanor Badger are taking courses in Miss Hardbarger's Secretarial School in Raleigh.

Frances Reins is studying at Queens-Chicora.

Willena Smith is at Winthrop College in Rock Hill, South Carolina.

Marcella Folley, Sara Gilbert, and Mary Catherine Trice are doing secretarial work.

Jean Morrow is Society Editor of her home paper in Albemarle.

In the "leisure class" since their graduation are Eleanor Benson, Willie Leigh Clark, Frances Cromartie, Iris Kelly, Mary Etta Sugg, and Ruth Sykes.

Dee (Batchelor) Caveniss is now living in Aberdeen.

Jean (Pate) Smith lives in Dunn, N. C.

Teresa de la Cruz, who graduated last year from our preparatory department, is studying law in Havana.

Frances Baker, of the class of '36, has a story, "Haberdashery," in the current issue of the *Carolina Co-operator*. This story appeared a year ago in *Voices of Peace*.

THE PEPPERPOT

DID NOTT SHOOT SHOTT?

A mysterious tragedy, which still remains unsolved, is recorded in an old *Harper's Magazine*. What can you make of it?

"A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott: Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case it would be better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott vows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or, as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements and Shott would be shot, and Nott would not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott but Nott; anyway it was hard to tell who was shot."

THINGS WE CAN DO WITHOUT

1. EXAMS.
2. Compulsory exercise.
3. "Droopy's" gym suit.
4. Grits, grits, grits.
5. Jo Martin's feet.
6. Kit Rainey's "Lady Macbeth."
7. Late fire drills.
8. Minuses.
9. Skull caps on windy days.
10. Susan's and Emily's night equipment.

THINGS WE CAN'T DO WITHOUT

1. Cora Sessom's "Beauty Shoppe."
2. Dottie's giggles and Ellen's squeals.
3. Mail—and males.
4. Miss McLelland's "problem children."
5. Miss Myers' willingness to help.
6. Miss Richards' charm.
7. Mrs. Darsie and gym. (Jim).
8. "Night and Day."
9. The "Athletic Store."
10. Viv Hooks' after-dinner music.

THE FEASTERS

[With apologies to Mr. A. Noyes]

“The wind was a torrent of darkness
Among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon,
Tossed upon cloudy seas;”
The floor was a ribbon of lamplight
Down the long main hall,
And all twelve of us went running—
Running—running—
Down to Martha’s stall.

We’d a ham and a cake in the cupboard,
Beaten biscuit and pickles so grand,
Some cheese straws and cookies and olives
All fixed by Mother’s own hand;
There were oranges round and delicious,
And apples all polished and bright;
So we ate without a giggle,
Without a single giggle,
Under the shrouded light.

And dark in the dark old short hall
A closet door had creaked,
Where Lib of the Council listened;
Her face was white and peaked;
Her eyes were pools of darkness,
Her hair like a cloudy day;
But she did her solemn duty,
Her solemn Council duty,
And that was a solemn day.

She did not enter that second,
She did not enter soon;
But when she came like thunder,
She came like “Alice the Goon.”
She said not a word to a person,
She counted us all instead;
But we knew we’d be sent to Study Hall,
Sent with the preps. to Study Hall;
And we shuffled sadly to bed.

EMILY SILER.

DID YOU KNOW—

That Margaret and Peggy prefer Graham Crackers?
 That Pony specializes in Carl-oads of Bills?
 That Irene prefers hers with Cherries?
 That Caroline says red roses come from Wisconsin?
 That Susan Cooper prefers Navy to Army?
 That Martha Wilson likes Dukes when Carolinians are not about?
 That Dottie has it in for milkmen?
 That Mildred Ferguson is very Frank?
 That Deede and Sallie are so fond of council members that they visit
 them on Tuesday nights?
 That Seniors have late dates with Hamlet?
 That Nancy Porter is attracted to State Yankees?
 That Third Floor Long Hall is Miss M——'s best love?
 That Charlotte and thereabouts bears a special attraction for certain
 Peace Girls?
 That Jo has lost count of the number of "Little Ones" she possesses?
 That Eloise is contemplating going to Winston-Salem in the near future?
 That Margaretha is a Freddie-cat?
 That Anna Belle chooses her men Itsy-Bitsy?
 That Jan loves to Wade—but once got in too deep?
 That Emily is suffering in the Dale of disillusionment?
 That Chub says, "Turn about is fair play"?

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